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BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued)

The Music of the Egyptians.

The tambourine is the same as that in Provence. The trumpet or horn, is made of cane, about five feet four inches in length, to this long cane is fixed at the end a round piece of the neck of a gourd, which has just the form of the round end of our trumpet, and is ornamented with small white shells on the outside. It is covered with parchment, and very neatly finished; this trumpet sounds only the note E, and its tone is hoarse, loud and terrible. Mr. Bruce farther relates, that the trumpet is played slow on a march, or at the appearance of the enemy, but afterwards very quick, which transports the Abyssinian soldiers with such rage and extacy that they become animated with warlike fury, are careless of life, and rush into the midst of the enemy's ranks. When in time of peace, this instrument is played to them, they cannot sit still, but all rise up together, as if animated by the same spirit. The fifth instrument, the sistrum, is used in quick time, and by the priests in psalms of thanksgiving. Every christian priest has a sistrum which he shakes in a particular menacing manner, at his neighbour, dancing, leaping and turning round like the pagan priests of old. The sixth instrument is the lyre which is always used in accompanying the voice, being never played solo. This instrument has sometimes five, sometimes six, but most frequently seven strings made of the thongs of raw sheep, or goat skins, cut extremely fine and twisted, they soon rot, break often in dry weather, and give scarcely any sound when wet. Abyssinians have a tradition that the sistrum, lyre, and tambourine, were brought into Egypt from Ethiopia by Thot, or Mercury, in the very first ages of the world. They say the flute, the kettle drum and trumpet, were brought from Palestine by the son

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of the Queen of Sheba, which son, they say, she had by Solomon. The lyre is generally from three feet to three feet six inches high, that is from a line drawn through the point of the horns to the lower part of the base of the sounding board. It is very light, and easy of carriage. Mr. Bruce allows this instrument to be, and indeed it is very evident that it is of the earliest antiquity: As man, according to his just remark, was in his first state a hunter and a fisher, this oldest instrument partakes most of that state, the two principal pieces being composed of the horns of the animal and the shell of a fish.

The figure of the Theban harp is still discoverable in some sepulchral ruins of ancient Thebes in *basso relievo* with the figure of a man playing on that instrument. This harp is the most curious and beautiful of all ancient instruments, from its size and form, the number of its strings, and the peculiar elegance of its ornaments; its strings were thirteen. The foregoing proofs we think are quite sufficient to show that the Egyptians had in the more remote periods, at a time when their kingdom was in its most prosperous and flourishing state, a superior kind of music of their own, both as to instruments and science, but after its memorable subjection to the Persians, this refined science, and those ancient instruments were lost. That music must have been very prevalent in Egypt, that of the Hebrews sufficiently proves. Moses having received a finished education under the daughter of Pharaoh, was by no means ignorant of the art, as his songs which he wrote for his sister Miriam, and the other Israelitish women, who united their voices to musical instruments in thanksgiving to God is evident.

There is little doubt, but that the harp of the Hebrews was of Assyrian invention, that of David could not have been of more magnitude or weight than our modern guitars, or how, as Doct. Burney scientifically remarks, could David else have danced and played before the ark. Jubal, it is recorded in holy writ, was 'the Father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.' Yet, music amongst the Hebrews seems to have perished with the general deluge, for the practice of it is not mentioned in scripture till some years after the flood.

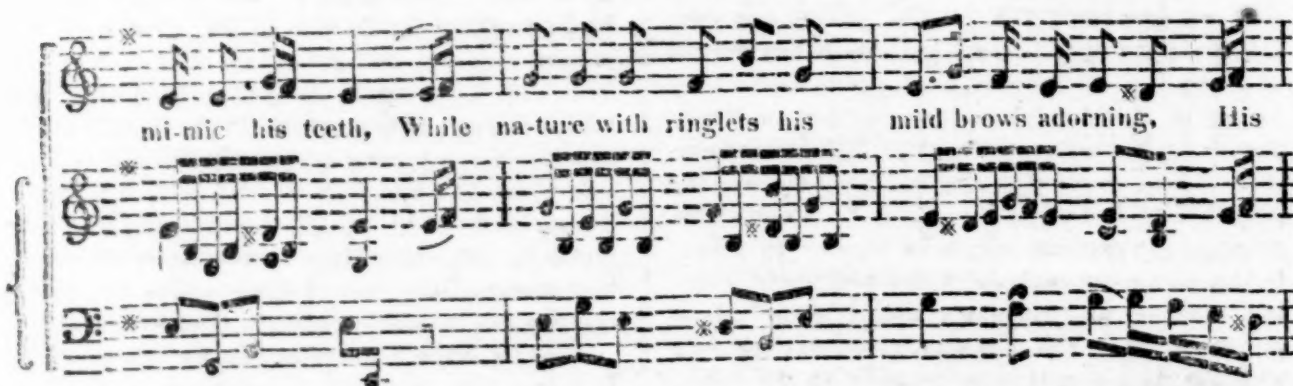
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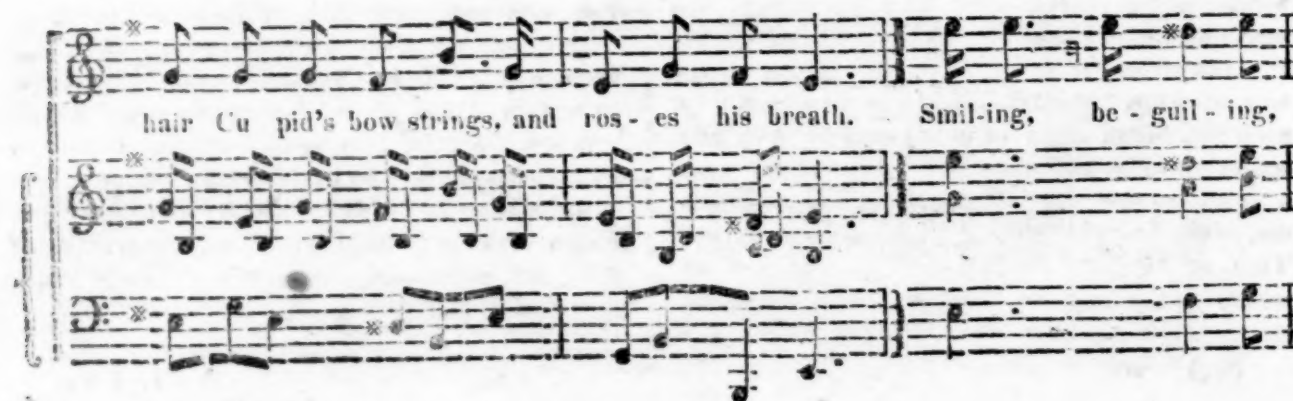
The Dear Irish Boy.



My Cox non, his cheeks are as rud-dy as morning. The brightest of pearls do but



mi-mic his teeth, While na-ture with ringlets his mild brows adorning, His



hair Cu pid's bow strings, and ros-es his breath. Smil-ing, be-guil-ing,

Cheering, en - dear - ing! To - ge - ther oft o - ver the mountains we stray'd, By each
o - ther de - light-ed, And fond - ly u - ni - ted, I have list-en'd all day to my
dear Ir - ish Boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
No veteran bolder meet danger or scars,
He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
His eyes twinkle love!—oh! he's gone to the wars.

II.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft over the mountains we stray'd,
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I have listen'd all day to my dear Irish Boy.

For the German Flute, Violin, or Clarionet.

KISSES.

There is a kiss by parents press'd
 On childhood's lovely, blooming form,
 Ere yet its little heart is dress'd
 In woe, or wrapp'd in life's rude storm.
 That kiss! what joy—what joy it gives!
 Repeated o'er and o'er again;
 It sweetens every hope that lives,
 And rids the aching heart of pain.
 There is a sweet but short-lived kiss,
 That's swiftly stol'n from beauty's lip;
 It fills the soul with sudden bliss;
 Though frowning eyes the joy would nip.
 There is a mutual kiss, that flies
 From lip to lip, unstain'd and free,
 When beating heart to heart replies
 In tones of truest ecstasy.
 'Tis there love reigns in greatest power,
 And revels all the bright day long
 In smiles, nor dreams an angry hour
 Will come to blast his halcyon song.
 There is a kiss in sadness taken,
 That thrills with bliss mix'd up in woe,
 And fondly whispers, "Oh, forsaken!
 'Love and life, and all must go!"
 Hast seen two heart-long parted meet
 With heaven's own fire in each fond eye?
 In hearts as warm, or lips as sweet,
 This kiss supplants the struggling sigh.
 There is a fervid kiss, that tells
 A touching tale—an earnest pray'r:
 And hope, and all that in it dwells—
 Life, love, and joy, and all is there.
 There is an odious kiss; that creeps
 From lips that breathe seduction's air;
 With many oaths how oft it sweeps
 Down virtue's barrier!—Maids, beware!

A TALE.

About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by a young lord. When he had made such progress in the affair as is usual, by the interposition of friends the old lord had a conference with him, and asked him how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her?—He answered, equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question. He desired again to know what he had to maintain her with? To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question, for this inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great, but still asked if he had nothing more secure than land wherewith to maintain his daughter?—The question was strange,

but ended in this, that the father of the young lady gave his positive resolve never to marry his daughter, although his heir, and would have two such great estates, but to a man who had a *manual trade*, by which he might subsist if reduced to extremities.

The young lord was master of none at present, but rather than lose his mistress he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one; in order to do which, he went to a basket maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and in six months became master of his trade of basket-making, with greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his proficiency he brought to his young lady a specimen of work, of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which for many years after became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of *dressing baskets*, brought to England from Germany and Holland. To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing the misfortunes of the wars of the Palatinate, were drove, naked out of their estates, and in Holland for some years did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family by making baskets of white twigs, to such unparalleled excellence, as none could attain; and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities of twig work that are still made in the United Provinces.

A. P. HEINRICH,

(Author of the '*Dawning of Music*,' just published.)

At the solicitation of his friends, proposes to publish by subscription, a musical work, to be entitled the

WESTERN MINSTREL,

Being a collection of Songs, and Airs. for the Voice and Piano Forte.

The work will be comprised in Four Numbers, of Six Pages each (music size), and be delivered to Subscribers at Fifty cents per No. or Two Dollars entire, payable on delivery. It shall be executed in a handsome style, and printed on good paper.

The selection shall be such as, it is hoped, will prove useful and interesting to performers in general, and consist of well chosen Moral, Sentimental, and Patriotic Songs, interspersed with Airs, Waltzes, &c.

The publication shall be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers are obtained to warrant the undertaking, and be completed with all possible dispatch.

The Author assures the Public that his best efforts shall be made to please and gratify; and he earnestly hopes, that their confidence in his honest endeavors, and his reliance on their well known liberality, will amply remunerate his exertions.

Subscriptions received by the Author—Messrs. Bacon & Hart, and at this Office.